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Milford, Jan. 17th, 78

My Dear Friend:—

I receive by the "Herald" this morning, a brief item which leads me to think, you have recently written something publicly about Hay's miserable policy or status. If so, I desire you if you can <sup>aid me to</sup> ~~peruse~~ <sup>peruse</sup> the same. In looking over your note sent me, just previous to your departure from Europe, I find your words somewhat prophetic then, have become ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> history of the hour.

Oh, how sickening are the affairs of the Nation! What a



Surrender of all the labor  
and sacrifices of the past!  
"The Republican party is in  
the most sordid, as well as  
wicked manner, hastening  
to an unwearied game, with-  
out a single ripple of regret.

As we linger on the shore of  
time, what sad revelations meet  
us. What gloom overshadows  
us. Blessed is that hope we  
cherish,

"That it is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death(?) to die."  
I wish your health was such  
that you could make me a  
visit, and give an hour's talk  
in Milford. Myself and wife  
would esteem it a great favor  
to greet you at our pleasant  
home. Yours truly  
Geo. W. Stacy